HYMN

TO THE

SUPREME BEING,

ON

Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illneſs.

By CHRISTOPHER SMART, M.A.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

DOCTOR JAMES.

Dear SIR,

HAVING made an humble offering to HIM, without whoſe bleſſing your ſkill, admirable as it is, would have been to no purpoſe, I think myſelf bound by all the ties of gratitude, to render my next acknowledgments to you, who, under God, reſtored me to health from as violent and dangerous a diſorder, as perhaps ever man ſurvived. And my thanks become more particularly your juſt tribute, ſince this was the third time, that your judgment and medicines

medicines reſcued me from the grave, permit me to ſay, in a manner almoſt miraculous.

If it be meritorious to have inveſtigated medicines for the cure of diſtempers, either overlooked or diſregarded by all your predeceſſors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man, who wrote the *Medicinal Dictionary*, and invented the *Fever Powder*.

Let ſuch conſiderations as theſe, arm you with conſtancy againſt the impotent attacks of thoſe whoſe intereſt interferes with that of Mankind; and let it not diſpleaſe you to have thoſe for your particular enemies, who are foes to the Public in general.

It is no wonder, indeed, that ſome of the retailers of medicines ſhould zealouſly oppoſe whatever might endanger their Trade, but 'tis amazing that there ſhould be any Phyſicians mercenary and mean enough to pay their court *to*, and ingratiate themſelves *with*, ſuch perſons,

perſons, by the ſtrongeſt efforts to prejudice the inventor of the Fever Powder at the expence of honour, dignity, and conſcience. Believe me, however, and let this be a part of your conſolation, that there are very few Phyſicians in *Britain*, who were born gentlemen, and whoſe fortunes place them above ſuch ſordid dependencies, who do not think and ſpeak of you, as I do. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

And moſt humble Servant,

C. SMART.

HYMN

TO THE

SUPREME BEING.

I.

WHEN * *Iſrael*'s ruler on the royal bed
In anguiſh and in perturbation lay,
The down reliev'd not his anointed head,
And reſt gave place to horror and diſmay.
Faſt flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gaſping ſigh
When God's own prophet thunder'd—MONARCH, THOU MUST DIE.

* Hezekiah vi. Iſaiah xxxviii.

And

II.

And muſt I go, th' illuſtrious mourner cry'd,
I who have ſerv'd thee ſtill in faith and truth,
Whoſe ſnow-white conſcience no foul crime has died
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
Like *David*, who have ſtill rever'd thy word
The ſovereign of myſelf and ſervant of the Lord!

III.

The judge Almighty heard his ſuppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his ſentence, and his health reſtor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temple ſhone,
Shot from that heaven to which his ſighs had ſoar'd;
The † ſun retreated at his maker's nod
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

† Iſaiah, chap. xxxviii.

IV.

But, O immortals! What had I to plead
When death ſtood o'er me with his threat'ning lance,
When reaſon left me in the time of need,
And ſenſe was loſt in terror or in trance,
My ſick'ning ſoul was with my blood inflam'd,
And the celeſtial image ſunk, defac'd and maim'd.

V.

I ſent back memory, in heedful guiſe,
To ſearch the records of preceding years;
Home, like the * raven to the ark, ſhe flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears.
O Sun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly ſhade!

* Gen. viii. 7.

VI.

But who are they, that bid affliction ceaſe!—
Redemption and forgiveneſs, heavenly ſounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
Vengeance divine's by penitence ſuppreſt—
She † ſtruggles with the angel, conquers, and is bleſt.

VII.

Yet hold, preſumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible deſpair!
In man humility's alone ſublime,
Who diffidently hopes he's *Chriſt's* own care—
O all-ſufficient Lamb! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who ſhall ſlight, or who can doubt thy power?

† Gen. xxxii. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28.

VIII.

But ſoul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gently in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reaſon takes her ſeat again—
Briſk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
To love, to praiſe, to bleſs, to wonder and adore.

IX.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
Appear'd a widow to my frantic ſight;
My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life, and light;
I come, ye ſpotleſs ſweets! I come again,
Nor have your tears been ſhed, nor have ye knelt in vain.

X.

All glory to th' ETERNAL, to th' IMMENSE,
All glory to th' OMNISCIENT and GOOD,
Whoſe power's uncircumſcrib'd, whoſe love's intenſe;
But yet whoſe juſtice ne'er could be withſtood,
Except thro' him—thro' him, who ſtands alone,
Of worth, of weight allow'd for all Mankind t' atone!

XI.

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
He fix'd the palſied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd ſoul,
And to the blind gave or reſtor'd the day,—
Nay more,—far more unequal'd pangs ſuſtain'd,
Till his loſt fallen flock his taintleſs blood regain'd.

XII.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
Nor wou'd my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd ſhook fearful of their fate,
My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He pitying did a ſecond birth beſtow
A birth of joy—not like the firſt of tears and woe.

XIII.

Ye ſtrengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
Quicken, ye new-ſtrung nerves, th'enraptur'd lyre;
Ye heav'n-directed eyes, o'erflow with love;
Glow, glow, my ſoul, with pure ſeraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words no more his mandates break,
But to his endleſs glory work, conceive, and ſpeak.

O! peni-

XIV.

O! penitence, to virtue near allied,
Thou can'ſt new joys e'en to the bleſt impart;
The liſt'ning angels lay their harps aſide
To hear the muſic of thy contrite heart;
And heav'n itſelf wears a more radiant face,
When charity preſents thee to the throne of grace.

XV.

* Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me 'mongſt gems the brilliant to behold;
O'er *Flora*'s flock imperial is the roſe:
Above all birds the ſov'reign eagle ſoars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

* Pind. Olymp. 1.

What

XVI.

What can with great *Leviathan* compare,
Who takes his paſtime in the mighty main?
What, like the *Sun*, ſhines thro' the realms of air,
And gilds and glorifies th' ethereal plain—
Yet what are theſe to man, who bears the ſway?
For all was made for him—— to ſerve and to obey.

XVII.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the ſeraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, cloſe by th'Almighty's throne,
In him ſhe ſhines confeſt, who came to make her known.

Deep-

XVIII.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the paſt the future may atone;
That I may act what thou haſt giv'n to know,
That I may live for THEE and THEE alone,
And juſtify thoſe ſweeteſt words from heav'n,
"THAT HE SHALL LOVE THEE MOST * TO WHOM THOU'ST MOST
FORGIVEN.

* Luke vii. 41, 42, 43.

FINIS.